AT THE NEWSBOYS' DINNER.

Pen Pictures for the Folks Who Couldn't Be There to Enjoy It.

"No, we ain't goin' to the dinner," said three small boys in ragged clothes and with mritated expressions, their faces pressed against a shop window. "We don't sell papers; we're rich people."

Then a desire for truth struggled manfully and found expression. "We ain't newsboys an' we ain't got no licenses."

That was why. The visitors left them, after suitable expressions of regret at their dinnerless condition and went on.

There was no red carpet stretched from entrance to sidewalk's edge; there was nothing of the function, neither powdered footman nor liveried lackey to denote the house of entertainment; but they were unneeded. Even a blind man could have found the way, for at the corner of the street where the Newsboys' Home is situated and where the annual dinner on Washington's Birthday takes place, there was a murmur like the beating of surf on a rocky

At first it was only an inarticulate sound; but as you approached it, it resolved itself

"Make a place for me, Joe." "Get in line there!" "What yer doin' here, you ain't got no newsboy's badge?" "Hi, there, look out for the Brooklyns!"

According to Randolph Guggenheimer, who is the patron of these annual "feeds," and the superintendents, managers, helpers, &c., of the Newsboys' Home, the boys are quiet, well behaved, wait their turn without fuss and are, in a word, little angels in disguise-hungry little angels, but still

It was noticeable, however, that the corps of dignitaries took no chances, and a cordon of blue-coated policemen and another corps vested with authority minus the brass buttons punctuated the writhing mass

of hungry boys. This mass numbered about 800 at the hour named on those wireless dinner cards of invitation by which the boys were notified that there was "somethin' doin'. Eight hundred to begin with, but it would require an able bodied census taker to state how many were there before the close

In the room at the head of the stairs chaos reigned, which after a while resolved itself to the unaccustomed eye into some

kind of order. There were long tables filled with boys. plain, ordinary boys, most of them dirty, all of them hungry and with few exceptions healthy, normal specimens of humanity, whom life in the open air and three turkey dinners a year anyway keep in good hygienic condition.

There were boys to the right of you, boys to the left of you; and like the cannon of Balaklava there was continued noise and protest.

There is only room for a couple of hundred at a time and in consequence pandemonium was restrained on the stairs, in the halls and in the upper room.

The appetite of the small boy will ever be a marvel, but his standing capacity runs it a close second. Hour after hour he stands in his place, his side against a wall, his elbows planted firmly in the boy behind him and his forehead butting into the one in front, immovable as the elernal

Visions of turkey, of round succulent mince pies, of slabs of ice cream, and yellow oranges not too big to stuff into the pocket keep up his courage and heart when he pangs of hunger become almost too in-

sistent. He knows that his confrères will not inger to discuss the last phase of the politcal or social situation. Neither will they follow the last rules for a long life and perfect digestion and masticate each mouthful forty times. No such frightful vision appeals the waiting gues there. If he gives the subject a passing fear, it will soon be quelled into annihilation by experience, for he has attended newsboys' dinners before and he knows that the rest bolt their food just as quickly as they can



and it is then, out into the night, to get a

resh appetite and make a fresh assault

So he waits until finally patience is re-

warded and he meets the blue-coated

Cerberus has a way of his own of greeting

the coming guest. He takes him by the

collar deftly and firmly and flings him

inside the door.

There is nothing a small boy likes quite

so much as the feel of a policeman's fingers

when he hasn't done anything wrong.

Psychologists could find reason in it per

haps. At any rate it exists. You could

see it in the faces of the catapulted boys

as they regained their balance and tore

The fed went out at the right and the

unfed came in at the left. The former

were too apoplectic and aldermanic to do

more than cast bloated eyes and rigid

stares at their companions. They didn't

say a word. This was not due to any latent

lack of politeness. They simply couldn't,

that is all. When the vocal chords haven't

For some occult reason the Brooklyn

boys were put upstairs and the New York

boys kept downstairs. Those who deal

with newsboys know their habits, so there

was probably reason in this which did not

Some of the boys were unnaturally clean,

they had actually had their faces and hands

washed; and one boy had on a white sweater

room to work, what do you expect?

meet the unaccustomed eye.

Cerberus face to face at the door.

on the food breastworks.

toward the tables.

TAKING IT HOME TO MOTHER.

which spoke eloquently of a recent tubbing. Their ages ranged from 5 and 6 up to 16. Some of the older boys waited on the tables, assisting a corps of young women, who in pretty gowns and white aprons took charge of the service.

A few visitors, open eyed and curious, wandered about. One woman actually had tears in her eyes. They were wasted. There is many a millionaire who would willingly part with a good, round sum to enjoy, his dinner as every one of those newsboys did.

The dinner provided consisted of roast turkey, cold ham, mashed potatoes and turnips, bowls of tea about the size of the at each plate, and to top off with, a paralin thick white paper. Down the length of the table stalks of celery rose majestically.

right through the paper. As Robert Edeson says of the drama, they "like to get their teeth into things."

"How do they get their hands so dirty? asked a visitor of the superintendent. "Oh, just because they're boys, I suppose."

was the answer.

Of course an ordinary amount, you expect that, but you would certainly think that the rain would wash some of the dirt off after a while.

A small boy laid his grimy paws against his companion's, having heard the remark "Mine's dirtier than yourn."

"Huh! you're two years older." The boys were not troubled with an entanglement of forks and knives; the mental

problem of the fashionable diner out when he meets a new variety of silver did not assail their young spirits.

A steel fork and knife, a tin salt shaker,

a plate and bowl was the kit of each. In too ecstatic moments the fork and knife, impeding luxuries, were laid aside or dropped on the floor, whichever was handier, and the fingers and fists were employed. Neither did the waiters pay much attention to serving the food in courses. The turkey and ham came in together on the plate-if it wasn't spilled on the floor en passant—the waiters and waitresses would dab a bit of turnip at the side, pour out the tea from a huge can, and, if the boy had not eaten



AT THE END OF THE LINE.

as rapidly as he should, when the time came the mince pie was placed on top and the ice cream rose proudly to the summit. Most of the boys leaned over and drank the tea without raising the bowls-that takes time-and all of them stuffed the oranges into their pockets.

Their method of eating celery did not suggest the etiquette columns in ladies' magazines, some way. Perhaps it was not intended to.

The stalk of celery was held in one hand and the salt shaker kept busy in the other. When they had finished, from the mouth of each flowered a green shrub. Down the

length of the narrow tables these sprouting gashes looked like harbingers of spring. A small boy, so tiny that his head hardly reached the edge of the table, adorned with a huge newsboy's badge, admitted

his guilt, while he clung desperately to the rim of his well filled plate. "I ain't a newsboy, but my frien' gave

me his badge when he got troo." The visitor patted the wizened little face.

"Just fill yourself up as quickly as you can: nobody'll say a word. The superintendent acknowledged that, while the dinner was presumably given

for the newsboys, it was seldom that a boy was turned away-"just so he's a boy, that's all we want.' "Don't any of the boys eat two dinners? "Oh, I expect there are plenty of ringers.

Ringers? Yes, that's what the boys call one that gets in the second time. You boys' heads, circular mince pies, an orange know, on the racetrack, when a horse that is known by one name is entered under lelogram of tri-colored ice cream wrapped another, so that people won't know his record, he is called a ringer."

Just at that second the visitor's eye Many of the boys did not, either through alighted on the livid face of a fourteenignorance or because time was pressing, year-old who was gazing, with as near an bother to unwrap the ice cream; they ate approach to disgust as a newsboy's face



could assume in the presence of food, at his well turkeyed plate. His attitude was abjectly apathetic and his jaws seemed to have lost their ancient

cunning. "I'm going to ask him." "Look here, George, have you had a dinner before this evening?"

The small boy slowly dropped his eyelids in a motion of sick assent. It was not a while. It was simply his sole, remaining method of conversation.

One of the waiters at that moment swooped down on the sinner and poked him sharply in the ribs.

"Look here! I tol' you before not to come back: this is the fifth dinner you've had, and we ain't givin' any more'n two. Get

The boy simply couldn't; he was like the drunken sailor who was requested to come across the street.

"Come across the street," he yelled, frantically clinging to his lamppost. "It's as much as I can do to stay where I am."

Two other boys, who had only had one dinner apiece and were still capable of motion, wiped their sleeves across their mouths and assisted him into the open air, where imagination simply refused to follow him.

The newsboy badge, which was supposed to be worn by each diner, consisted of a strip of white ribbon, with letters of blue. 'Newsboys' Dinner, Feb. 22, 1904," printed on it. At one end was a photograph in



"GUGGENHEIMER'S DOIN' THIS." miniature of Mr. Guggenheimer. The visitor asked one of a group of boys

at a table end whose portrait he wore. "That's Gug-genheim's: he's doin' this." The boy waved his hand up and down,

designating the feast. "Who's he? Why, he's what is doin' the whole thing." He looked a little annoved at the visitor's stupidity.

"Doin' the whole bloomin' thing. I expec' it's cost as much as eighty cents a head. We've got turk an' turnips an' ice cream an' mince pies. He must own houses somewheres. He'd have to be a rich man to do this."

"Has he made a speech?" Yep. Tol' us to save our money and

be good. "And do you?"

"Give mine to me mother." Just at that moment the superintend-

ent fell foul of a small boy who was stuffing a whole pie in the space between his shirt and jacket

"What are you doing?" "Takin' it home to me sister. "Sure? "Honest!"

"All right, sonny." And to the visitor: They don't forget the mothers and sisters

Another boy was interrogated in regard to his badge, evidently a borrowed one, as he had not noticed until his attention was called to it that there was a pictured face there.

He was mussing up his ears frightfully with a huge lunette of pie and he steered it a little to windward while he answered: "Wash'n'ton. He's doin' this, does very year."

He replaced the pie. The visitor took a bird's eye view about the room. The English language may be the only one that can be spoken with the

mouth full, but the newsboys were not proving the truth of that statement, they were doing one thing and doing it thoroughly and --- Well, therein lies success.

Once a waitress with turquoise rings. a lot of white lace and blue ribbons yelled warningly to one of the managerial corps "Keep your eye on that basket of pie." An unconscious poetess of the primitive One of the amateur waiters was scraping a lot of débris over the head of a small boy who sat short, and walked equally so. and was invisible to the scraper, who pursued his task with an esprit de corps beautiful to witness It reminded the looker on of the domestic service of the average agency.

Another was pouring warm tea, while he kept up a brisk conversation over his shoulder, on the grimy paws of a dinerto-be, who was watching the little pools of tea slowly loosen the grime. Apparently he had not seen his hand for a long time and it afforded him the delight of the novel and unexpected.

The boys, who were slight and straight as young saplings when they came in went out looking knobby and bunchy, as if ready for a surgeon's knife which would remove nameless excrescences of abnormal growth.

There was no newsboy there who looked more content than the giver of the feast.

"I enjoy it. It does my heart good. I only wish that people tock the newsboy a little more seriously. He is a hard working, honest, faithful little chap as a general thing. He has a quick wit and-a good appetite.

"I was quite amused a little while ago, just after I had made my usual speech to them-I tell them the same thing each year. One little chap got up and said:

" 'Mr. Gog-genheim, we don't mind your invitin' the Brocklyn boys over to your dinner, but they mustn't get gay wid us." "What do you think of that? They

didn't mind my inviting them to my dinner! "I know for a fact that a little while ago a newsboy received a five-dollar gold piece from an old lady in mistake for a penny. He tock it to the nearby policeman and the policeman told him to keep it, but the boy wouldn't. He took it to the nearest station and turned it in, insisting that it be advertised. As he went out of the door he turned and said:

"Tell the old lady when she comes for it that she owes me a penny for her paper. Then he went out.

"Now, I call that unusual honesty for anybody, and it is not an isolated instance. I find that many of the boys are just as straight as they can be."

"Some of the boys who started life here," finished the superintendent as Mr. Guggenheimer was called away, "are well known men. Gov. Brady of Alaska was one of

them and his Thanksgiving proclamation was read to the boys here; it is very in-teresting. Another of the officials in South Dakota was one of our boys."

Through other lines of boys, the visitor was taken to the waiting room above. At least 300 boys were here in long lines, pressed closely as sardines in a box, for the call to the dining room. They looked a little weary, but hope fought bravely with the weariness. At the rear end of the line, two small boys stood with arms wrapped about each other. Big salt tears had ploughed their way through the soil, leaving the infantine faces looking like slices of toast.

The older choked anew at the visitor's

question

"We've been standin' here since 5 o'clock," It was then 7 and ahead of them was ine of at least 200 boys. It was a desperate situation and the visitor could do nothing but speak encouragingly.

"There's lots of turkey left and minos

The tears stopped flowing as if the inner stream had been suddenly dammed. "There's ice cream, loads of it!"

Despair was replaced by a radiant expectancy.

"And mince pie and oranges!" Slits of joy separated the faces into hemis-spheres. Life was once more serene and two hours' standing in a line waiting

for food was a mere bagatelle. Some of the little chaps relieved the agony of waiting by showing the visitors their carpenter's tools and benches where they are taught, the big billiard table where they can play pool, the clean white-bedded dormitory where a couple of hundred boys for five cents a night apiece can obtain shelter and a spotless couch-if the five cents is not forthcoming they can still

have the bed. And last but not least, the bank, where each boy has a number above a brass slit which leads to the inner pocket. In this bank, notwithstanding the fact that money s "tight," the boys get 6 per cent, a month for their savings; not a bad investment.

Downstairs again, Mr. Guggenheimer looks more pleased than ever and remarks that if any one should urge him sufficiently he feels that he will end by building a newsboys' home on the lines he wis hes them to have. The corps of managers look as if at the proper time they could furnish all the persuasion needed.
"It does my heart good," said the giver of the annual feast, "to go along the street

of the annual feast, "to go along the street and hear one boy say to another:

"'Here comes Guggy!' 'Guggy!' That's what they call me."

"You know," said the superintendent as he escorted the visitors through the hungry horde to the street, "some one said once that two classes of people ate turkey, the rich and the poor, and the rich paid for both. Don't you think it would do the rich good to see these newsboys eat?"



THE HUNGER LINE.

SHE DANCES IN DAYLIGHT.

of the evening and the skinning of the

Up the long stairway, boys were ranged

"Say do you know if there's ice cream?

"Any mince pies?" or "Tell 'em to get a

last drumstick.

who greeted you with:

move on; we're waitin'."

DIVERSION OF THE "HELLO" GIRL WHICH SHE WON'T FOREGO.

The Fun She Has and the Beaus She Has

Between 2 and S P. M .- "Brokers From Wall Street" All of 'Em, and Bedelta Plays Them for Angels for the Ball. If you came from 'way up in the country. and for the first time saw the telephone girl pulling out the switchboard plugs and putting them in hour after hour, recording

appeasing her many irascible or petulant customers, you might say: "Gracious, but those poor telephone girls mnst have a mighty unhappy life!"

each call on a slip of paper, and meanwhile

Perhaps one of these telephone girls will publish her diary some day. Then will the idea of unhappy lives and dismal existences fade away. For the telephone girl has a whole heap of fun. The biggest part of her fun is the dancing.

All telephone girls dance. That is, no one educated as to the telephone girl's way of doing things ever heard anything to the contrary. And she is never so happy as when she is engaged in arranging a ball or in dancing at one. In fact, the bosses of the telephone company decided, some time ago, that the girls were spending too much time and energy in getting up dances, and an edict went forth that there must be no more "telephone girls' balls."

There weren't any for about two weeks At the end of that time the dances were on again. The only difference was that the tickets didn't admit to, say, "the ball given by the young ladies of the Cortlandt street exchange," but to the dance of some club whose name the invited had probably never heard before. Of course it didn't take long for those interested to disseminate accurate information as to the exact char-

acter of the affair. The telephone bosses soon realized that their rule hadn't done any good. Now the rule is the deadest sort of a letter, and dances are held, as before, under the telephone exchange names. There was one the other day at Lyric Hall, the Sixth avenue

home of Terpsichore. This particular ball was held in the afternoon, beginning at the ridiculously childish hour of 2 P. M., the hour of pinafores and

young women who got up the dance had to work at night. Competent observers failed o discover, however, that the affair was any less gay because it was unaccompanied by the glare of the electric light.

There is something instructive in the way the telephone girl takes to advertise the fact that she and her comrades are going to give a ball. First they send out a limited number of neat little gift-edged cards saying that "You are cordially invited to attend a reception" to be given by "Cort-landt" or "Franklin" or "Spring," or what-ever it may be. Each recipient is duly im-pressed with the idea that the ball is going to be mighty exclusive, that heretofore no outsiders have ever been admitted, and

"Kindly say nothing about it, please is the climax of the artful maiden's advice on the subject. Oh, of course she wouldn't on the subject. Oh, of course she wouldn't have you mention it for all the world!

Then, by and by, the news about that dance gets around somehow. Perhaps Dolly, May and Julia get to talking about it in suppressed whispers as they order their morning sodas at the drug store and josh the soda fountain man between sips and whispers. Somehow the drug store young man catches enough of the conversation to "get next," as the slangy girl says, and he tells the sporty young man who's always looking for something that he can talk about when the "crowd" is around.

Jimmy, who tends the switchboard at the Hyphen Hotel, hears about it and he spreads the tip. In somewhat similar manner the young gen'lemen friends, some in Wall Street offices, learn about the exclusive dance. That accounts for the fact that the gossip bulletins on the next telephone girls' dance always contain something about "the Wall Street brokers" who are going to be there. Of course, the real ave you mention it for all the world!

are going to be there. Of course, the real Wall Street broker at the telephone girls' ball is about as scarce as the curb brokers who are looking out to buy "Western Union

rights."
The "broker" who goes to the dance is usually the brokers' messenger. But you won't catch the girls giving it away.

Somehow the young women always manage to rope in enough wingless, but wealthy, to make the dance a success. The

angels to make the dance a success. The angels have the fun in return.

Each goes to the dance with a week's salary in his pocket and the idea that he's going to cut all the figures that are to be cut. The telephone girl leads him on in fine style. He's the most popular dancer in the hall—for a while. Then he invites the beautiful young hello creature to have some liquid refreshment. They go to a table.

what will I take? What will I? she asks, as if she didn't know.
While she's thinking it over, she sees another girl she knows. That girl is unattached at that particular moment. knickerbockers. This was because the Wouldn't the young gentleman like to meet

Miss Mabel? Why, of course he would. And Mabel sits at the table. By the time the waiter gets around Mabel has been followed by Sadie and Carrie and Beatrice, and probably several more, and it costs the angel good money to pay the waiter. One young man's bill in such a case was \$1.65. Then he fled.

a case was \$1.05. Then he fied.

If he stays, just about this time he expects his popularity to increase. That's where he runs up against a chilling fact. Mabel and Carrie and Sadie and Beatrice are soon all dancing with ordinary sort of men—men who don't quite come up to the real Wall Street standard. The angel finds out by asking that these rivals of his are the business managers of the young are the business managers of the young women's exchanges. Then the angel re-

women's exchanges. Then the angel re-alizes that he's been plucked.

"Yes, these balls are great fun," said one sweet young hello girl the other day.

"I've been to every one that's been given in New York in six years, and I've gone to several that weren't in New York. Oh, I'm a regular Bedelia, I am."

MOHAMMEDANS AND DOGS. They Take Particular Pains Not to Come

in Contact With Each Other. From the New Orleans Times-Democrat In Egypt dogs are never permitted to enter he dwelling of a Mohammedan; and if one s found in a mosque, he is immediately put

In consequence of this excommunication from the society which this animal seems so instinctively disposed to cultivate. Egyptian dogs live, for the most part, in the open air, feeding upon garbage and any other filth that chance throws in their way. Yet they are found to be faithful protectors of the property and even persons of the very men whom they are thus dispitefully treated: although. Sonini remarks, it is extremely curious to see the pains taken by a Musselman and a dog when they happen to meet to avoid coming in contact with each other Notwithstanding this state of persecution, dogs are remarkably numerous in the towns of Egypt. The species is a large one, about the size and make of the greyhound. As a proof of the Mohammedan prejudice against this useful animal, it is sufficient to state that they regard the terms Christian and dog as synonymous-both, of course, in the most

As a singular contrast for their dislike for dogs, the Egyptians have ever held cats in does, the Egyptians have ever held cats in greatest veneration, and in ancient time even worshipped them. And historians tell us that Bubastis and Atribes, two towns in Egypt, the former a votary of cats and the latter of inice, contracted on that account so strong an antipathy to each other that the inhabitants were never known to intermarry, although only a few miles asunder. In some parts of India, too, we are told, they have a similiar reverence for Grimalkin, as the only crimes punished capitally there are the murder of a man and a cat a

THE COMING POSTAL CONGRESS MAY CUT THE RATE.

Universal Postage Stamps and Foreign Prepaid Reply Letters Also to Be Discussed-Other Notable Reforms Expected From the Gathering in Rome.

The United States Government has begun to arrange for its share in the Universal Postal Congress which will convene in kome in the spring. The congress will comprise the most cosmopolitan body of distinguished representatives of Governments that ever met in the Italian capital. Every civilized nation is directly interested in its deliberations, and the congress is likely to be one of the most important in the history of the Universal Postal

Union. Our Congress has appropriated \$7,500 delegate, ex-Representative Eugene F. Loud, of California, and efforts are now being made by the United States to have the cooperation of other Governments in a number of radical experiments in postal service, so that the results may be available as a working basis for the considera-

tion of these propositions at Rome. Two cent postage with countries like which they originate or for which they are destined are some of the subjects which are being discussed among postal officials.

Another important feature will be the inclusion of China in the union. The Celestial Empire is now the only important Government in the world which does not belong to the vast postal federation. She has already given notice of her intention to join, but war troubles delayed the organization of a modern system there. There are sixty-five countries in the union.

Postmaster-General Payne is strongly in favor of the application of two-cent postage to foreign letters passing to and from France, Great Britain, Germany and countries similarly situated, where there is direct and quick transit. has talked this over with the British Embassy officials, and representations on the subject have been made to Great Britain with a view to action in the near future.

2-CENT MAIL TO EUROPE MAYBE | This would put these countries in the same | the transit rates on letters and on printed Canada and Mexico.

Facilitation of international correspondence is to be sought by adopting a universal postage stamp.

Several countries have also addressed communications to this Government suggesting different forms of prepaid reply missives. Notable among these are France and the Netherlands. Several objections have been raised to reply missives which depend for their prepaid postage on the use of a stamp printed and sold in another country. Every country is disposed to jealously guard its right to receive cash in advance for the service it undertakes

to perform in mailing a letter. Second Assistant Postmaster-General Shallenberger has devised a plan which requires that every letter shall have upon it the stamp of the country in which it is mailed and yet which may be conveniently paid for in the country which has invited the o defray the expenses of the United States | reply. Each country, according to this plan, is to prepare and sell special Government international reply postage envelopes at 10 cents each, having one five cent stamp or its equivalent embossed on the right hand corner, to be cancelled when mailed. and a similar stamp on the left of the envelope to remain uncancelled.

The first stamp is to pay outward passage half ounce weight. The second stamp is Great Britain and France, universal post- to render the stamp, when relieved of its age stamps and a tariff schedule for mails enclosure, good for the purchase of a reply in transit in countries other than those in stamp of like value at any post office in the country of destination. Postmasters are to be instructed to take credit for these envelopes in their stamp account and to forward them to the central office to be redeemed for cash by the country of origin

in accounts between the two countries. Postage stamps the world over are now good only in the country of issue. The difference in the monetary values of the various countries is one of the main objections to the scheme.

The congress undoubtedly will dispose of the vexed question of transit rates for mails crossing intermediate foreign domain, a vital problem which has confronted every convention since the inception of the postal union, and has been as often undisposed of. The effort at Rome will be to reduce these rates materially and to make one fixed rate, instead of a gradual decrease in rates as at present. This Government is in favor of this plan and also of making

A graduated reduction was arranged at

the last postal congress, held in Washington in 1897. Every grain of weight so carried across another's country is scrupulously paid on the basis of statistics taken once in three years. Some countries seek the total abolition of these rates and the substitution of an arrangement by which each country carries the mails of all others

The United States is on record for this reciprocal arrangement, and its delegates o the Vienna congress in 1891 carried specific instructions to vote for such a plan. It was smothered, however, in committee, as a concession to secure the adhesion of the Australasian colonies to the union. Germany also has advocated a plan of taking the average figures for each counry in the last two or three statistic periods as a permanent basis.

Judging a Man's Residence From His Shoes.

From the Milwaukee Sentinel. "You can almost tell from what county a man comes by the weight of his shoes," said J. W. Davy of Chicago, who represents a shoe company. "You might not believe it." he continued, "but the thicker the soles of his shoes the larger the city from which he comes. In New York it is almost a fad, and he soles of the shoes there are exceedingly heavy. They are almost as heavy in Chi-Men there wear shoes to protect their feet. They have not time enough, it seems, to bother with rubbers. So they make one pair of shoes do the work for all kinds of weather. Here in Milwaukee and in other cities of this size, I notice, the men wear light shoes and rubbers. I suppose they have time enough to wear the overshoes. Up in the enough to wear the overshoes. Up in the country I find that in many places leather shoes are not worn at all for several of the winter months. They wear heavy socks and then put rubber overshoes over these."

Grizzly Deesn't Care for Human Flesh.

From St. Nicholas. In the old days, before the deadly maga-zine rifle was invented, hunting the grizzly was a very different affair, and no anima on the American continent was more dreaded. his fierceness and vital force when wounded filling the most reckless hunters with a wholesome dread. It was not at all unusual for a grizzly with a bullet through his heart to pursue and tear to pieces the hunter, whose long single-barrelled muzzle-loading rifle, with its one round lead bullet, was altogether inadequate for such a contest. It is a strange thing, too, that while the grizzly bear is an omnivorous feeder, living on anything from roots and nuts to steer and buffalo meat, he has never been known to devour human flesh. grizzly with a bullet through his heart to

MR. GOZZLETON DREAMS.

Of a Cabman Named George Graysor Am gur, Driver of a Two-Horse Hansom. "Curious things, dreams, hey?" said Mr.

Gozzleton. "I dreamed last night that I was walking along a broad street with low buildings on either side-a street that I had never seen or heard of before. As I walked along I saw coming toward me a horse running away, this horse drawing no vehicle, but having his harness on his back. At the same time I saw a hundred feet further along the street the vehicle from which the runaway horse had broken, a two-horse hansom cab, this cab standing still, and pitched forward, as a hansom is when not held up by a horse or horses. There was standing still in front of it the off horse of the two horse team; it was the nigh horse that had broken away and that I had met

a hundred feet ahead. "Standing on the ground to the right of the cab and close by it was the hansom's driver, who had been thrown, or who had jumped from his high seat, when the cab brought up after the nigh horse had broken away from it. He was a tall, straight and very trimly dressed young man, and as I came up I saw standing around him in a little semi-circle three or four young men, newspaper reporters. Where they had come from I couldn't imagine, for I hadn't seen them come. They might have materialized on the spot, but there they stood now, and each with a paper and pencil in his hand, prepared to take the cabman's

" 'Are you ready?' the cabman was saying to them as I came up, and I got a piece of paper and a pencil out of my own pocket and prepared to take the story myself.

'On my mother's side--' the cabman began---- "'Hold on!" I said. 'What is your 'Capt. George Gravsor Augur,' said the

cabman.
"'"Graysor"?' I said; 'that's a strange before; name; I never heard of that name before; but I used to know a man named Augur. How did you come to get the title of captain? He seemed to me to be a pretty young man to be a captain.

"'Why—' said the cabman—but just then a gust of wind rattled one of the windows in my recon violently and the drawn.

dows in my room violently and the shock

woke me up.

"And so I didn't learn, after all, how George Graysor Augur, this phantom driver of a two-horse hansom, came by